SYNOPSIS

James Montgomery, an innocent country lad, is arrested for killing a bank watchman. His finger prints are taken by the New York police.

His old mother pleads in vain for him with Detective Michael Kearney. Montgomery is placed on trial for his life, charged with murder.

Convicted of murder in the second degree, he is sent to Sing Sing as a life prisoner and enters the machine shop.

His cellmate, Bill Hawkins, a burglar, plans to aid Montgomery in escaping from the prison.

Bill makes Montgomery a suit of clothes, but it is seized. Montgomery crawls into a box of machinery that is to leave the prison.

(Continued from last week)

Both were silent as they finished preparing to answer roll call and march to the mess hall for breakfast.

"Bill," Montgomery finally suggested, "perhaps if I get out and all goes

The Old Burglar Put a Hand on Montgomery's Shoulder.

well, I might be able to find your wife and help her. I'd treat her almost as if she was my own mother."

The old burglar put a hand on Montgomery's shoulder.

"Boy," he said, "you got a heart of gold."

* * * * * * *

To put the risk of detection at its minimum Bill Hawkins proceeded with his task of making the suit of clothes for his companion's getaway with such caution that it promised to cover a whole year of work.

To steal the cloth, piece by piece, was no easy task. The eyes of the guards were keen and there were convicts who were suspected of doing the work of spies for the prison officials. Every night for a month Bill reported to Montgomery his efforts of the day, and at the end of that time he brought under his blouse enough cloth for the first section of the suit.

To cut it in the dimensions he had riveted in his memory was even a harder task. The greatest care was taken to prevent the theft of tools and a missing pair of scissors would have resulted in a search of the cells of all those who worked in the cutting room. He was compelled to cut the cloth right under the noses of the guards in the cutting room. "The Butcher" and "Idaho Shorty" sheltered him as much as they could as he worked furtively and quickly, and, finally, after two months, the first piece of the coat was made. It was smuggled into the cell and stowed away in the mattress of Bill's bunk. Stolen needles and thread were used to sew up the seams of the mattress again.

Montgomery could have stolen a sharp knife from the machine shop so that Bill could work in the cell, but the old burglar would not let him run the risk. Discovery of such a theft would have meant the loss of disk and chevrons and a transfer to some other branch of prison work.

The second autumn in prison passed into the second winter and Bill still stuck to his task. Spring came and all of the pieces for the coat were ready and in the cell, safely hidden away. To assemble them Bill would have to make every stich by hand.

At night, after the supper hour, the two prisoners washed out their towels and hung them on a piece of string in their cell. Behind these the burglar crouched as Montgomery watched at the door. He sewed until the lights went out, but the work was slow and painful. He had no thimble, and one finger after another was worked into a pulpy condition. The making of the coat took all summer, but Bill was so interested in the task that he even sewed in his bunk after the lights were turned off, feeling every stitch in the dark with raw fingers that spilled blood, but with patience that never flagged.

Another year was started, and the coat was finished. Bill stole the cloth for the trousers which would replace the tubelike nether garments of the prison uniform.

All the while No. 60,108 was perfecting himself in mechanical work. Soon he was informed that he would be the man to succeed the convict foreman when the latter was given his liberty.

As foreman of the shop Montgomery would have a degree of liberty given to few convicts. On busy days he would be exempt from roll calls, and when the care of machinery required it he could spend his evenings in the shop. He would superintend the acceptance and assembling of all new machines and parts of machines and the disposal of the old.

The coveted white disk remained on his sleeve, and a new chevron was added with each year.

"We'll wait until you get the job as foreman," Bill decided. "When you take charge and get the hang of things, then we can plan the way out. Another year or two ain't going to hurt you. You want to get such a start once you're out, that they won't close in on you and drag you back, kid. It's worth waiting for."

One day No. 60,108 was called from his task and given a new blouse. On the left sleeve was a clean white disk and under it, where the chevrons had been, a white star. This signified that he had served five years with perfect conduct. That same day the convict foreman went before the board of parole and was allowed time off due him for his good marks shown on the prison record. He was allowed a day for every three marks, the total being subtracted from his sentence.

Montgomery became the foreman and took charge of the machine shop force. He was now twenty-six years old and had developed from a scrawny country boy into a well built and handsome man. His eyes were grave and his mien serious. He appeared to be well beyond thirty years of age.

During the early part of this fifth year Montgomery had begun to steel himself for the news from home that would tell him that his mother's life was closed. She was hopelessly blind, wrote Miss Wadhams, and was worn to a shadow. He was ready for the trial and knew that it was at hand when a trusty brought him a black bordered letter with an order granting him permission to retire to his cell for the rest of the day.

Bill found him praying beside his cot when he came in at the close of the day's work. The black bordered envelope in Montgomery's hand told him as much as words could tell him. He patted his grieving companion on the shoulder as a father would caress a son in dire trouble.

In the shelter of their towels, stretched across the cell, he drew the completed gray suit from its hiding place.

Montgomery rose to his feet.

"They put in the new machinery this week, kid, don't they?" Bill asked.

Montgomery nodded.

"And they ship out the old machines?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's time to make the getaway."

CHAPTER VI.

The "Getaway."

THE prison warden desired to install the new machinery at night so that he could save all possible loss of actual working time of the convicts. He conferred with his new foreman and Montgomery declared the plan feasible. By having crates and boxes built in the carpentery division and in readiness the work of shipping out the displaced machinery could be rushed while the new was being put up.

Montgomery busied himself with these preliminaries and among the boxes he had constructed was one about six feet in length and oblong in shape. He found it necessary to make certain changes in the construction of this particular box. The top was screwed down and an opening was made at one end. The headpiece was so built that it could be closed and made fast from within.

The last shipment out at night would be at 11 o'clock. When the whistle blew half an hour before the call for supper Montgomery went to his cell to wash up. The other convicts were being marched from the shops to their tiers and the stone walls echoed the tramping of their feet. Ranks were broken in the corridors between the cells in the dormitories.

Bill and Montgomery reached their cell together. The time was at hand for the attempt at escape. The burglar ripped open his mattress and drew out the gray suit.

"Be fast now," advised Bill. "I'll cover the door. Get out of your clothes and get the suit on, then step the regulars over them."

Montgomery had stripped off his blouse when the signal for assembly sounded suddenly.

Both men started with fear. The signal meant an inspection and had come, as it always does, without warning. For a moment Bill hesitated in thought. Then he grabbed the suit of gray from Montgomery's hands and swathed it about his own body under his blouse.

The men were already lining up in the corridor, and they joined them. The cause for the assembly was soon made known in whispers and signs passed along by the convicts. Some one in the cutting room had stolen two pairs of scissors and a bodkin, both dangerous weapons. The cell of every man working in that department would be searched.

There were only five men, including Bill, in that tier who worked at tailoring. Two guards searched their cells and the five men were ordered to step to the front. Guards searched them carefully. One of the searchers pulled up Bill's blouse and saw the hidden suit of clothes. He looked up with astonishment, for he had expected no such find.

The warden in charge of the tier was summoned, and the suit was examined carefully.

"Who is his cell mate?" the warden asked of a guard.

"No. 60,108," was the reply.

"And he didn't know a thing about it," grunted Bill surlily. "I'd have been out by now but for that milksop in my cell. He's one of these guys who says his prayers every night. I was afraid he would tell on me and so I never let him in on it."

Bill had saved his friend and with no mean sacrifice. The star and disk on Montgomery's sleeve had helped in the free acceptance of Bill's story.

A guard found the scissors and bodkin in another convict's cell, and ranks were broken and the men permitted to finish the washup for supper.

Bill was sent back to his cell and Montgomery followed him.

"Why did you do it, Bill?" asked the young man. "Why did you do it? The penalty is fifteen marks for every month of your minimum sentence. That means 2,700 marks against you, and there is an added day of sentence for every three marks."

Bill had calmly taken 900 days, nearly two and a half years, added time, to help his companion. But he had no time to talk over the matter now. He addressed Montgomery brusquely. The minutes were precious.

"The suit's gone," he said. "You've got to beat it for the Hackensack meadows by freight over on the other shore. Leave the freight at Homestead and make for the marsh grass. It is six feet and more high. They can't track you through it. You'll find little hummocks of hard ground above highwater mark. Look sharp and find one with a puddle of rain water on it if you can. Be careful about quicksands. There's two quicksand holes northwest of Homestead. Go in the other direction."

The old burglar talked rapidly and without moving his lips. The words came in a whispered streak to the ears of Montgomery. Third term men became ventriloquial, and the rule of silence falls beneath their skill.

He reached under Montgomery's mattress and pulled out a left hat. "Slip this under your blouse," he said.

He flipped over his own mattress and his quick fingers tore open the under sheet of ticking. He found five ten dollar bills sewed together as one.

"Put this in your kick," he told Montgomery. "You will need it. Don't ask any questions. There ain't time. I had it slipped in from the outside."

In two minutes more they would say goodby to each other if the escape was successfully managed.

"Don't forget the old man, kid," Bill said solemnly. "I don't know how much it counts, but you might think of me at night when you say your prayers. If you make out all right, get a personal in the Herald and sign it 'Kid.' 'The Butcher' is on his good behavior and gets the paper regular. He'll watch for it and let me know. Any kind of code you make up we can dope out in here."

The bell sounded for mess formation. Bill held out his hand, and Montgomery took it in both of his.

* * * * * * *

The open head of the oblong box in the machine shop lay between the legs of the table at which convict No. 60,108 made his record of machinery received and machinery shipped from the prison. Apparently it was ready to be taken from the prison.

Four men were staggering out of the shop with a crated machine when the convict at the desk asked how many more pieces their wagon could take.

"One more," replied one of the men.

"Can you handle this long box to finish the load?"

"It's just right to finish up with for the night."

"All right. Take it out when you return. I may be out of the shop. It is time to turn in. I will put it down on my list as having been sent."

Montgomery was alone in the room and at his desk. Outside he heard the clatter of the heavy shoes of the truckmen approaching. He bowed over his desk for a moment and then disappeared. A gray form wriggled feet first into the box, and the end under the desk suddenly closed with a slight click.

The truckmen entered, shouldered the coffinlike case and, finding it lighter than they had expected, hastened their steps that they might quickly finish with their job for the night. They passed out of the shop to the quadrangle, heaved the box to the rear of the loaded truck and roped it on.

It was nearly 11 o'clock, and the stars were obscured by clouds. Arc lights made the quadrangle as bright as day and illumined the high walls and every nook and corner. Sentries in their little octagonal boxes stood with their rifles in hand, keeping a sharp lookout.

A team of powerful horses tugged at the burden, and the load of machinery was started out. At the gate the head truckman told the guard that his job was done for the night and gave him a slip containing the list of pieces intrusted to him to deliver at the Ossining freight station.

In another half minute convict No. 60,108 was outside of the wall of Sing Sing. He braced himself with his knees and elbows when the truck jolted over rough places in the road.

Bill had told him that he would find a path down the cliff a half mile north of the prison. It would lead to the railroad tracks. He was to find it and get away from main roads.

Montgomery counted on one hour before his tier guard would demand an explanation of his absence at the machine shop and then give the alarm.

He estimated the distance by the speed of the horses and at the proper moment released the end of the box. He drew himself forth and tumbled, with a sidewise twist to the soft, earth road. On hands and knees he scrambled into the shadow of some bushes and took his bearings.

The road was deserted and the houses all dark. The only sound was the creaking of the load of machinery, which rapidly became fainter and fainter. He plunged down the path and at the bottom of the cliff turned and ran to the south through the little tunnel under the prison.

There were six miles to cover to Tarrytown, then three and a half miles across the Hudson to Nyack and then a mile and a half westward to the West Shore railroad, which would take him to the meadows of Newark bay.

Bill's inside information was that at West Nyack he would get an express freight at four in the morning. It would not stop until Homestead was reached. There some of the cars would be shunted to the Erie tracks, and he would be able to slip into the tall marsh grass just as day was breaking.

Montgomery had five hours in which to make the schedule outlined for him by his burglar friend. He took the cinder path between the tracks, brought his clinched hands to his chest and started to run in a swinging stride, his mouth closed and his head thrown back.

It was not easy going, for the prison brogans are made of heavy, stiff leather, with soles that would sink a diver to his task below the sea. His heels and toes were badly blistered by the end of his second mile, and he was compelled to stop and rest. He did not dare lie down for fear that fatigue might close his eyes in sleep.

When his feet had cooled and his breathing had become normal again he climbed to the top of a great rock and looked toward Ossining. In the velvet distance he could see the prison lights high on the cliff above the village station. Below the cliff he saw tiny lights twinkling, and at first he thought them fireflies. His years within prison walls had destroyed his sense of perspective. He studied these will-o'-the-wisp lights and soon realized that they were from lanterns swinging in the hands of men hunting him.

The fugitive turned, threw back his head and began to run. He increased his speed gradually until he struck a gait he thought he could hold for an hour without rupturing a blood vessel. The torn skin on his heels fell away under the chafing of the heavy leather and exposed the quick of his flesh. Blood began to fill his shoes, but as he ran he kept telling himself that he could well afford to suffer ten times the torture if he reached his goal—his liberty.

He felt as if he had discarded his number and was once again James Montgomery, a human being, out in the open, the ground beneath him and the river running beside him. It was early summer, and the cool night air was sweet with the fragrance of breathing flowers and fields.

Ahead of him showed the northern boundary lights of Tarrytown. Once he looked over his shoulder as he ran, but he could not see the lanterns of the hunters. He was beginning to gather stronger hope of ultimate escape when the will-o'-the-wisp lights showed ahead of him. He stopped short in his tracks.

It was evident that the Sing Sing officials had telephoned the police of surrounding villages. To his left was the open country, but with villages every three or four miles and from each village perhaps a squad of men with lanterns, forming a circle to close in on him.

To his right were the river and the country beyond, a country he knew as only one could know who roamed it in boyhood. He lost no time in deciding.

Montgomery ran to the river's edge and stripped off the heavy prison shoes. He peeled off the blood soaked socks and from one of them took the money Bill had given him. This he tied in an end of his shirt under the blouse. Then he hid the shoes and socks under a pile of rubbish and waded out into the river.

The clouds still covered the stars overhead, and the river was black as a river of ink. As the water reached his armpits he threw himself forward and began to swim with a quiet, underhand stroke for the other shore. The tide was flowing out, and he began to cross diagonally to get the full advantage of the current. He figured that, with a steady stroke, he would land just south of Nyack and in the great, friendly shadow of Grand View.

Reaching the middle of the river, he changed his stroke. Until now he had kept his shoulders under water, swimming underhanded. Now he used the fast and powerful overhand swing of the arms, resting himself from time to time by rolling on either side and using the easier side stroke.

He reached the net poles and paused to get his wind, but he was off again in a moment and soon made the shore.

A Creature That Seemed More a Reptile Than a Human.

The tide was well out, and he found refuge under the landing pier of a boat club. He uttered a prayer of gratitude as he pulled off his heavy blouse and trousers and wrung them free of water. He was without shoes, but he did not fear rocks and shards in his path to liberty and life and happiness. He would have gone barefoot through coals of fire to the goal he had set for himself. Then, too, he knew the soft country lanes and field paths leading from Nyack to West Nyack.

A village clock struck the hour of 2. Montgomery's heart leaped within him. He could make the fast freight, a mile and a half across country, easily. He started from the river at a fast walk.

When the fast freight on the West Shore from West Nyack to Jersey City stopped with a grunt and a clangor of iron couplings at Homestead a creature that seemed more a reptile than a human crawled from a brake beam under the last car, wiggled from the crossties and disappeared in the marsh.

Hidden in the wide stretching fen, Montgomery saw and reveled in the joy of the first sunrise he had looked upon in five years, made glad his starved soul with the sound of the birds stirring from their nests and in his heart echoed a Te Deum for his deliverance from prison walls.

CHAPTER VII.

Help From the Dead.

THE long ride on the brakebeam had covered Montgomery's face, hands and clothes with dust and grease until he seemed a part of the bog in which he had sought shelter from the hounds at his heels. Moving cautiously and always fearful of a pit of quicksand, he sought one of the high and dry hummocks Bill had told him of.

He needed sleep and rest, for he had worn out his feet and legs in the race from Sing Sing to North Tarrytown and his arms in the swimming of the river. Clinging under a freight car for the rest of the flight had racked every nerve and muscle in him.

Montgomery came to a little estuary of the bay piercing the marsh grass. On the other side he could see as he peered through the rent he made in the green wall a rise in the marsh level and, topping it, a cluster of wild flowers. He recognized it as his refuge against high tide and a place where he could lie down and sleep. No bed ever felt so soft and alluring to a worn creature.

The sun at meridian beat down in a straight shaft upon the sleeping man, and gnats and mosquitoes fed upon him, but still he slept. Only semi-conscious of the act, he pulled his gray blouse over his head and face and stuck his hands under it when the torture became too great.

In the afternoon the breeze from the sea increased to a gale as the tide reached the flood and the skies became overcast. A great clap of thunder awakened the sleeping fugitive. The water was lapping at his feet.

The wind had sent mosquitoes and gnats to cover. He stripped and washed himself clean. A glance at the heavens told him that soon the rain would fall. He had been twenty-four hours without a drink of water or a particle of food. Bill had warned him about the tortures of thirst. He placed the felt hat given him by the burglar so that it would catch the rain. He followed Bill's advice and of his blouse made a little cloth reservoir supported on sticks of driftwood. The fall of the rain on his naked body and upturned face would reduce the fever set up by the stings of the pests, and he would board as best he could what rainwater he could catch in blouse and hat.

(Continued next week)

The Deadly Change.

Little beams of moonshine,
Little hugs and kisses
Make a little maiden
Change her name to Mrs.
—Yale Record.

Good Form

When Remembrance Fails.

A weakness which many of us share is that of forgetting faces of people we have met, or of being unable to fit the right name to the right face when the need comes suddenly. It is a happy gift to be able to recall both names and faces, and he who has it is exceptionally fortunate. Few things flatter a person more than being remembered. We forgive the frank person who says: "Your face is familiar, but I can't just place you," because we have all been in the same predicament ourselves, even if we have not admitted it; yet do feel complimented more to be called by our names.

There are people we meet whom we feel we ought to know, but we cannot remember their names. What can we do? It is a dreadful moment. Mustering up all the courage we can, it is best to proceed as if we did know. Nine times out of ten, if we talk long enough we shall get a clew and the name will follow. In such cases we hope our uncertainty may not be suspected. Fortunately we seldom learn if it really has been.

The Wedding Cake.

The old time custom of hiding a thimble, a penny and a ring in the wedding cake is still followed. After the cake is baked, but before the icing is added, slits are cut in it. In one a plain gold ring is placed, in another a tiny gold thimble and in the third a piece of silver money, a dime being the usual selection. Then the thick icing with its elaborate decorations covers the whole. In slicing the cake the bride cuts clear through from top to bottom. If she is wise she will slip the knife a little to one side when it touches one of the little articles so the whole slice can be placed upon a plate without showing its precious secret.

Tradition has it that the maid who gets the ring is to be the next to wed, she that draws the thimble is doomed to spinsterhood, while she to whom the piece of money falls is to revel in wealth all her days.

The wedding cake is usually a big fruit cake, but often a fine white cake is preferred. It should be made and baked by an expert.

To Make a Cardcase.

The pretty embroidered cardcases one sees so much now can easily be fashioned by the girl who is clever with her needle. One seen recently was made of huckaback linen, and the center was decorated with a wreath of tiny French roses. The huckaback outside this wreath was darned by running a colored silk thread underneath the cast up threads of the linen. This darning extended to within an eighth of an inch of the edge and was then covered with a single outline stitch. The pockets were folded up neatly and the edge finished with a picot buttonhole stitch. The little center wreath was done in Dresden shades, and the darning was carried out in beige to match the owner's calling costume.

For Afternoon Weddings.

An afternoon wedding calls for the simple serving of ices, cakes and bonbons, with punches and perhaps sandwiches of various sorts. The time, usually between 4 and 5 o'clock, intervenes between luncheon and dinner hours, and so heavy substantial foods are not needed. Neither is a large table usually required. Guests are served standing, or many small tables are conveniently placed where plates with sandwiches may be in readiness or where they can be set down when the two hands are occupied holding a dish of ice cream in one and a plate with cake in the other.

The Thank You Note.

After a week end spent with a friend send your hostess just as nice a note as you can write. Mention what a good time you had, how much you enjoyed it all and say thank you for all the kindness extended to you. This "bread and butter" or "thank you" note back to your hostess should be the first duty of every guest on the return home.

The Favor of a Reply.

The meaning of "R. S. V. P." is in English, "The favor of a reply is requested, if you please;" the French is "Respondez, s'il vous plait." It is used to remind us that hostesses wish an answer to their invitations.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.

First	Cotton
Second	Paper
Third	Leather
Fourth	Fruit and flowers
Fifth	Wooden
Sixth	Sugar
Seventh	Woolen
Eighth	India rubber
Ninth	Willow
Tenth	Tin
Eleventh	Steel
Twelfth	Linen
Thirteenth	Lace
Fourteenth	Ivory
Fifteenth	Crystal
Twentieth	China
Twenty-fifth	Silver
Thirtieth	Pearl
Fortieth	Ruby
Fiftieth	Golden
Seventy-fifth	Diamond

WINTER'S CROP.

In these chilly days one is likely to think little of the discomforts of next summer's drought. All out of doors is a cooler that checks interest in field work, but there is one crop that must be harvested now or never. It is the only crop that removes absolutely nothing from the soil and can be had in most cases free for the harvesting. It grows nearly everywhere in unlimited quantities. The satisfaction derived from a store of it is almost immeasurable, for it adds to the health and pleasure of the entire family. Harvesting is so ridiculously simple that we may well wonder why stores of the crop are not to be found on every farm. Millions of dollars are spent to produce it in the cities; farmers can have all they need for a few days' work at odd times in winter.

The nearest approach to something for nothing in farming is the ice crop.—Country Gentleman.

FARM PASTURE GRASSES.

Sufficient Pasturage Necessary to Raise Live Stock Successfully.

There is plenty of land in the United States under grass. The trouble about it is that this land is not producing what it should in the way of forage, writes A. K. Bronson in the Farm Progress. Too many pastures have a poor stand of grass, others are seeded to the wrong grasses, and still others have been left to seed themselves from anything that invaded them after the first stand had died out.

It is impossible to grow live stock with any degree of success unless there is enough pasturage available. Prices of live stock, high as they are, are not high enough to make it possible to produce meat or milk with profit where dry feeding or stable feeding is the sole reliance. Dairying can be made to pay in special instances where the market is assured and transportation is not a problem even though all the feedstuffs are bought. But one of the strongest reasons for taking up dairying is absent on that farm where pasturage is at a premium.

In beef production, where the animals are bred and grown by the feeder, there must be pasturage if the business is to show the proper returns. The finisher of beef cattle can take the yearlings or two-year-olds and by stuffing them with fat forming feeds for a few months make money on them. But somewhere in the life history of any beef animal showing a profit there must be a period of pasturing and roughage.

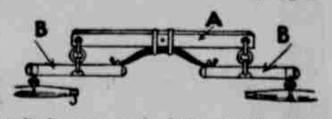
This makes the growing of grass crops all important in any proper scheme of farming. The man who gets the most from his pasture lands will be forced to adopt some sort of a plan whereby he can get as much green feed as possible from early in the spring until late in the fall. This in most localities means the adoption of a mixed grass setting, something that will have different grass varieties ripening all summer long and others coming on to take their places.

Some sort of legume should be made a part of the pasture, especially in old regions that have been settled for a long time. In new countries where the soil is strong this need will not be felt so keenly, but where the land has been cropped for many years before being put in pasture, the clovers will help to keep the right proportion of nitrogen in the soil. Whatever the legume may be it will help fatten the land and feed the other grasses. It will prevent, too, the condition often spoken of as "sod bound."

As much of the pasture acreage is sown in the spring or in the very late winter before the ground quits freezing, this is a splendid season to consider just what the new pasture should be made up of. In nearly all the states some agricultural authority connected with the state experiment station has made a special study of grasses with a view to finding out just what is best for certain areas in the state. It is a good plan to get the advice of a man who knows before seeding.

Anti-shock Doubletree.

The doubletree A is very easy on horses, for it reduces jerking. It is three feet long, with a clevis at each end. The spring is bolted on the center with two bolts. Each end of the spring is



bolted to one end of the arm B. The singletrees are attached to the opposite end of these pieces in the usual manner. This device adds also to the comfort of the driver.

To Make Whitewash.

The following is the government whitewash recipe:

Take a half bushel of unslaked lime, slake it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep in steam, strain the liquid through a fine sieve or strainer and add to it a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pints of ground rice boiled to a thin paste and stir in while hot. Add five gallons of hot water to the mixture, stir well and let stand a few days covered as nearly air tight as possible. It can be colored by adding ochre, lamp black, ground keel or bluing to suit.